MRS. NAGG AND MR. --

By Roy L. McCardell.

e Is Not Superstitious, but It Is Very Strange that Some People Are Always



SUPPOSE you are not interested in anything I say, Mr. Nagg, and that is why I sit silent and let you do all the talking, but I am not altogether a fool, Mr. Nagg, and

u might as well understand it! I could show you the elegant diploma I got at Mme. Bwoshel's Select School for Girls of the Better Classes in Brooklyn. It was the most select school in Brooklyn and went in for culture more than anything else; culture, physical and mental, and plano, algebra and French conversa-

And no one, no one, Mr. Nagg, received a diploma unless they took the extras, and if you book all the extras the Diploma was handsomely framed, and it wasn't in English, but in Latin, and nobody understood what it was about. But it was all very elegant and refined, and it was quite a

compensation to parents who had been frightfully over-swoshel to see that no partiality was displayed and any pupil paid for the extras could get a diploma and any upstart that tried to set through Mme. Sweshel's school cheaply was shown that there would be no

How much better that is than the modern system, where any riff-raff has nce if it reads or ciphers better than the child of cultured people who, in days of Mme. Swoshel's establishment, could pay for all the extras and then, If the child thought it too much mental strain to take the extra courses, it got its Latin diploma nicely framed, after all.

Oh, you need not look at me that way! I know that modern methods of education are grossly inadequate, but, thank goodness, I went to Mme. Swoshel's and parents could attend the school affairs and speak graciously to other people they met there, because any child that went to Mme. Swoshel's must have parents

that could afford to pay the awful prices Mme. Swoshel asked.

But the school got so exclusive that finally nobody went at all, and Mme. woshel sold out to a Belgian lady who sued her for obtaining money under false pretenses, and that's why I say I have had a good education.

Yet, after all, and you can't deny it, Mr. Nagg, it is all luck in this world! If it wasn't, why shouldn't Brother Willie be as well off as the young Vander-Willie is just as proud as they are, and yet when he secures employment

people get so jealous of him because he knows more than they do that they conspire against him and have him resign and even accuse him of taking things and Why should Mrs. Stryver have things better in this world than I have simply because she inherited some money? There's a woman I despise, and yet she ms to have nothing but luck. The other day Mrs, Dubb walked down the t with me and she had on her ridiculous old plush dolman trimmed with

eaten fur of the style of ten years ago, and who should we meet but Mrs. Stryver in her new black lace dress! I was never so mortified in my life. I fairly had to run away from Mrs. Dubb, retending I had an engagement with Mrs. Stryver, and Mrs. Dubb is a good soul end I don't care what you say about her, I am her friend, and when I am any-

But Mrs. Dubb has no right to place me in such a position, and I had to pretend to Mrs. Stryver, the stupid. stuck-up thing, that I hardly knew Mrs. Dubb and that she was an impossible person,

It goes against my best feelings to do anything of that sort, but I can't be hypocrite, and if Mrs. Dubb will wear that old dolman what can she expect?

So, that's why I say it is all fuck in this world! What are you staring at, Mr. Nagg? I know what I am falking about!

The Cross-Eyed Man

And His Chum, the Man With the Whiskers.

way express at Seventy-second street to meet you or-?" and seated themselves on crossite sides "It is sport" interrupted the Crossof the aisle, "yes, I followed the Mea-towareack hounds vesterday. I"— hounds follow the fox. We riders foldowbrook hounds vesterday. I'-Where did you follow them to?" sus- low the hounds and"— what does the fox follow?" easpictously roared the Man with the

"To the fox of course, It was a splendid run of eighteen miles, and"- pose.,"

"Who was?" "The run, of course. It was my first ride with the Hempstead Hunt and'---

"You said you ran," imerrupted the stand with the Hempstead Hunt and"—
"You said you ran," imerrupted the for? Have they got a grudge against for? Have they got a grudge against him, or no usey."
"They kill him," snapped the Cross-Eyed Man, "because that's their nature. Then we ride home to the club-house in the twitisest, and"—
"And have a delicious fox pie for dianer and a"—"We don't eat him. We"—"We don't eat him. We"—"Then why kill him? If you're just out for sport, I should think it would be better sport to kill an insurance agreet or a plannber or a jaintor or—agreet or a jaintor or—agreet or a plannber or a jaintor or—agreet or a jaintor or—agr



Worm-Oh, I'm afraid I can't hyone onotism by mail for a whole year.

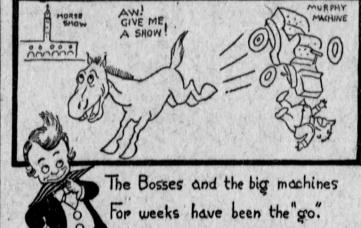
ES," observed the Cross-Eyel did you think you'd like one for a per Man as he and the Man with or did you want credit as a discoverer. the Whiskers boarded the sub- or did you think the fox would be glad

erly asked the Man with the Whiskers. "His own measly impulses, I sup snorted the Cross-Eyed Man, wrathful at the interruption.

"Oh, they kill him, do they? What

thing. It's the excitement of the run, you know. There's nothing like a fox hunt for excitement. At the start we broke through the line for a five-yard gain, and clinched to avoid punishment; but it was forty-love, with light and baffling winds on the weather bow and a nine-hole course with Mathewson in the box and ten men on bases; a strike and two spares to our credit, and the favorite's odds hammered down to 3 to 5. It was a wild night on the moors, and.—
"But not as wild as if it were twice as wild."

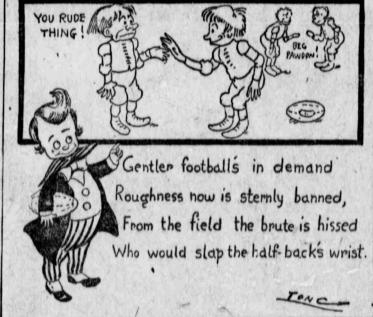
WILLIE WARBLER, the Chain-Lightning Poet.

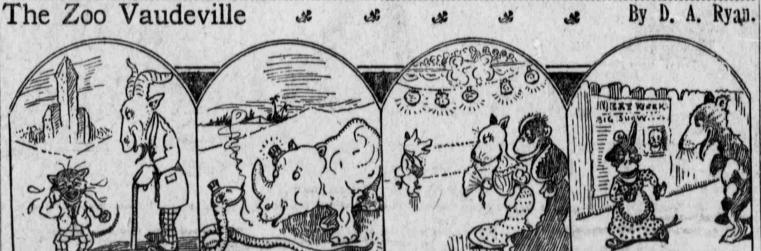


But now machines must take back seats And give the Horse a Show!









Where He Got Culture.

Mittees. Rhino-Why, that's easy. I proposed Miss Monk-Not at all. A rattle has to my rich wife with it.

An Example.

The Fortune Teller.



moon bird when I tion. called last night.

By T. O. McGill.

OOKOOLAH, the looked closely at them she said: "That starts good." I said, as I setwood throwing seed cake to the red tled myself for the rest of the predic-



JIHE NEW PLAY ALICE NIELSEN Merely Acceptable in "Don Pasquale."

spirit the audience at the Casino in her prize picture furs. It yesterday afternoon was from Alice | audience to try the soul and qua Nielsen's native State. It was there any singer, with a most friendly disposition toward the returned American singer, but at the same time it was there to have Miss



Alice Nelicen as Norina in "Don Pasquale."

Nielsen show it what four years of hard work abroad had done for her. It was an audience with both a glad hand and a critical ear. It was an audience such as only Broadway could gather. In one box that King of High C. Caruso, swelled in all the glory of one of his hundred famous waistcoats; in an opposite box sat the press agent's Queen of Song Miss Lifts Pursall resplandent. hundred famous waistcoats; in an oppo-site box sat the press agent's Queen of tain on a hot day. CHARLES DARNTON.

Miss Nielsen's task was not an one, and to say that she performe acceptably is the most that can be of her performance. Hard work I hard school has not robbed her of youth. Her voice is as fresh as her nest in the Casino. But there more of the technique than the su ness of Italy in the voice that soared the gilded heights of the Casino. Eve at its best it was a voice that cou eat but feebly against the doors of Metropolitan Opera-House across street. It hardly realized her amoi or the hopes of her well-wishers. Her Norina in Donizetti's "Don Pasqua had the charm of youth and lovelin but it lacked life and sparkle and th sprightliness and vivacity that Mm Sembrich, with all her disadvantage of years and avoirdupois, gives to role. This comparison may be unfair but it is nevertheless inevitable. surprise that was hoped for was mi

About the Cleverest of Birds.

geiting a young crow before it is able to fly and by patience and perseverance for a few days, or perhaps weeks, it can be taught to talk, young to use human speech, says a ing about. writer in Field and Stream.

WONDER how many know that by yard and chopped his head off, the

and after the first few words that it to me that some of them might be learns to pronounce it learns much much more intelligent than others. I faster than any child that I ever knew bave known three talking crows, and or heard of. Among wild crows I they all spoke in a higher key than never have seen one that talked, so people commonly do, but not more so I cannot say whether talking would than a few persons that I have known; frighten crows or not, but I presume it but their talk is very much plainer would. I wish that a pair of talking than that of any parrot, and a crow crows could be mated, and raise a brood does not use a lot of meaningless to see whether they would teach their words, and he knows what he is talk One of these crows was owned by

One of the talking crows that I have known was owned by a man of the name of Lew Labady, who kept a hotel in Petoskey, Mich.; and his wife one day, in a fit of anger, for some misdemeanor that the crow had cut up, grabbed him and took him out in the

News from Out the Tall Grass.

B OONEVILLE (Miss.) Banner: Mr. petent young man," the wrong adjectives were used. a wampus. Dock was completely exhausted and as white as a sheet. He held conversations with men of bruins remarked: "Boys, this is nothing to and achievements, but never tried to

Newbern (Tenn.) Chronicle: We never neither have we ever boasted of bei did like turnip greens, anyway, but we a grammarian nor posed as strawberry shortcake as any man of our calibre except Sam Cole.

Mayfield (Ky.) Messenger: Guy Byrd, such disgusting things. A man (?) with the Messenger carrier boy on Route No.

3. will be at home to you each evening. s, will be at home to you each evening with the Messenger crisp from the press. Treat him nice and, as he is a and daughter, Miss Carrie, were driving nice little man, he will do the proper on Perry street, when their horse took

Kahoka, (III.) Courier: An apology is due the general public on account of a misleading statement which appeared in the Courier's announcement of the Morris-Rench wedding. Recent developments clearly show that in stating "the groom is a bright and com-

Antwerp (Ohlo) Bee: talk to any one until they were neither have we ever, through the columns of our paper, called the people of this or any other fown hase, vila names, but we know of an editor—and he doesn't live in Texas—who has done

Salem (O.) Herald: Mrs. Richard Pow fright, wheeled suddenly, throwing the

driving.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Double-Breasted Coat-Pattern No. 5199. HE double-breast-



casions of the sort, while also it is well liked for general utility wear, being available both as a separate wrap, to be worn over any gown, and for the suit. This one is among the best the season has to offer and can be made either in full or threequarter length and with or without the strap at the back. As shown, the materiol is one of the roles Scotch mixtures that will withstand all weathers, but all the materials montioned are equally appropri

ed coas made of cheviot or homespun is a favorite of the season for

motoring,

The quantity of me terial required for the medium size is 7 3-4 yards 27, 5 1-6 ware's w or 5 Yards 53 Inches wide, for the full length; 61-2 yards hi 3 3-4 yards 44 or 3 1-1 yards 53 inches wide for the three-quarter length.

Pattern 5109 Is cu

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and al-ways specify size wanted.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Post-Office box 1,354, New

He Would Wed a Widow.

mer I met a very handsome widow. I love her very much, but do not like to tell her. I think she loves me, too, I would like to marry her. I am twenty years old; she is twenty-nine.



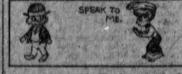
You are too young to consider bin ing yourself for life to a woman nine years your senior. You are too young to marry unybow Culture the acquaint ance of women nearer your own age and do not contract a rash and foolis

A Surprise Wedding.



intended husband and me to go to the minister's house and be married. Then to return to the house accompanied by the minister and his wife, and just before leaving on my wedding tour, let the minister get up and tell my friends that we were married. Don't you think that would be a good idea, or could you suggest something better? E. F. Your own idea is a very good one,

A Sunday-School Affair.



HOME HINTS

Veal Pie.

DUT small pleces or slices of veal into a stewpan with sufficient water to cover. Add a tablespoonful of salt and set on the fire to boil. Remove the soum as it rises to the top, As soon as the meat is tender turn it out to cool. If thoroughly cooked the bones will fall away from the meat and Dear Betty:

Therefore is a young man who attends the same Sunday-school as I do not know any one who could introduce me to him. I notice he always tooks at me and passes my seat very often, I have spoken to him on husiness several times.

As you have already spoken to the young man on business there it no splices of sweet ham. they should be ramoved. Line the bak-

Cornucopias.

REAM half cup of butter and one Cup of pswdered sugar; add half a cup of milk, drop by drop; add one when you meet in Sunday-school. He squares, and bake in a moderate oven. will do the rest if he wants to improve Roll immediately on being taken out; the acquaintance. when cold ful with sweetened and

Dear Betty:

Dear Betty:

AM a young girl and in love with
a young man twenty-eight. Before
I went to the country i refuse his
company. When I returned he was
engaged. I am heartbroken. I love him
dearly.

If the young man does not love you
any mure, you will simply have to forget him. It won't be helf as difficult
as you think new.

German Sponge Cake.

TIR the yolks of eight eggs and one
outly in one way for thirty minutes; add the well beaten whiten and
eit afteen minutes longer. Add onehelf cun of flour, four tablespoonfuls of
cornstarch, the juice and grated rind
of one lemon. Bake in a moderate
over.

THE LOST ART OF CLINGING.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

longer the fashion in that whirling capital for a wife to take her husband's arm. It is declared that the latest thing in society is for a man, whee walking, to lean gently on the rourded arm of his spouse. It is a little difficult to determine whether we are to accept this remarkable change as a mere meaningless whim of fashion or as subtly significant of the changed

spirit of the times. Consider the time-honored simile of the clinging vine, alias woman, and the sturdy oak, otherwise man. I don't know what adventurous female first put the idea into our heads that we didn't want to be clinging vines any longer, but it was a mistake. I say this without disrespect to Susan B. Anthony and the illustrious shades of Miss Stanton, Mary Wollstonecraft, Lady Hester Stanhope and the witty Mary Worthy Montague. For while it is very nice

to dream of becoming a slender birch or a supple willow, that, like our grandmothers' silk, could "stand alone," we never attempt it without discovering that the once sturdy oak we sought to imitate is developing exceedingly vine-like tendencies, and that the moment woman ceases to cling man

and seven-eighthe cups of flour and exon that portion of the oak tribe in whom the advent of the self-sustaining woman
tracts. Spread mixture on bottom of
has sprouted runners and clinging tendrils.

We must under no circumstances permit it to be introduced here. The new Parisian fashion will, if followed, have an exceedingly bad effect

Rather let us of the new generation, who have forgotten, or who never Rather let us of the new generation, who have forgotten, or who never cause a stronger growth to appear. If knew how to cling, organize a clinging class at once and import women to cling log dark hairs cause you annoyand from the South to revive the lost art of clinging among us—proferredly ance pull them out with the tweezers. one of sisters, who have been allowed one forforn little brother to support them all shelr lives because "gentle women" must cling or perish.

Beware, young women! Do not allow your escort home from the theatre to take your arm. If you do, he may marry you and suggest that "you must keep on working because he doesn't want his wife to degenerate may the ordinary domestic little dub."

That is not an imaginary phrase. I once heard of a proposal couched in those conditional terms.

Take the man's arm actually and figurestively, and if he shows any signs of accompanying formula:

Boracle acid, 1-2 dram; spirits of rose-will straighten up an be an oak. Somebody has to be and it might just as well many, I cance; water, I cancer. Use with process.

BEAUTY HINTS. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer



phate of lime, 10 grams; tincture of

Down on the Face.

down on your face or try to remove it, for it is liable to Cure of Blackheads.

J. AND E. K .- Perfect and constant cleanliness is the first requisite for the cure of blackheads.

